

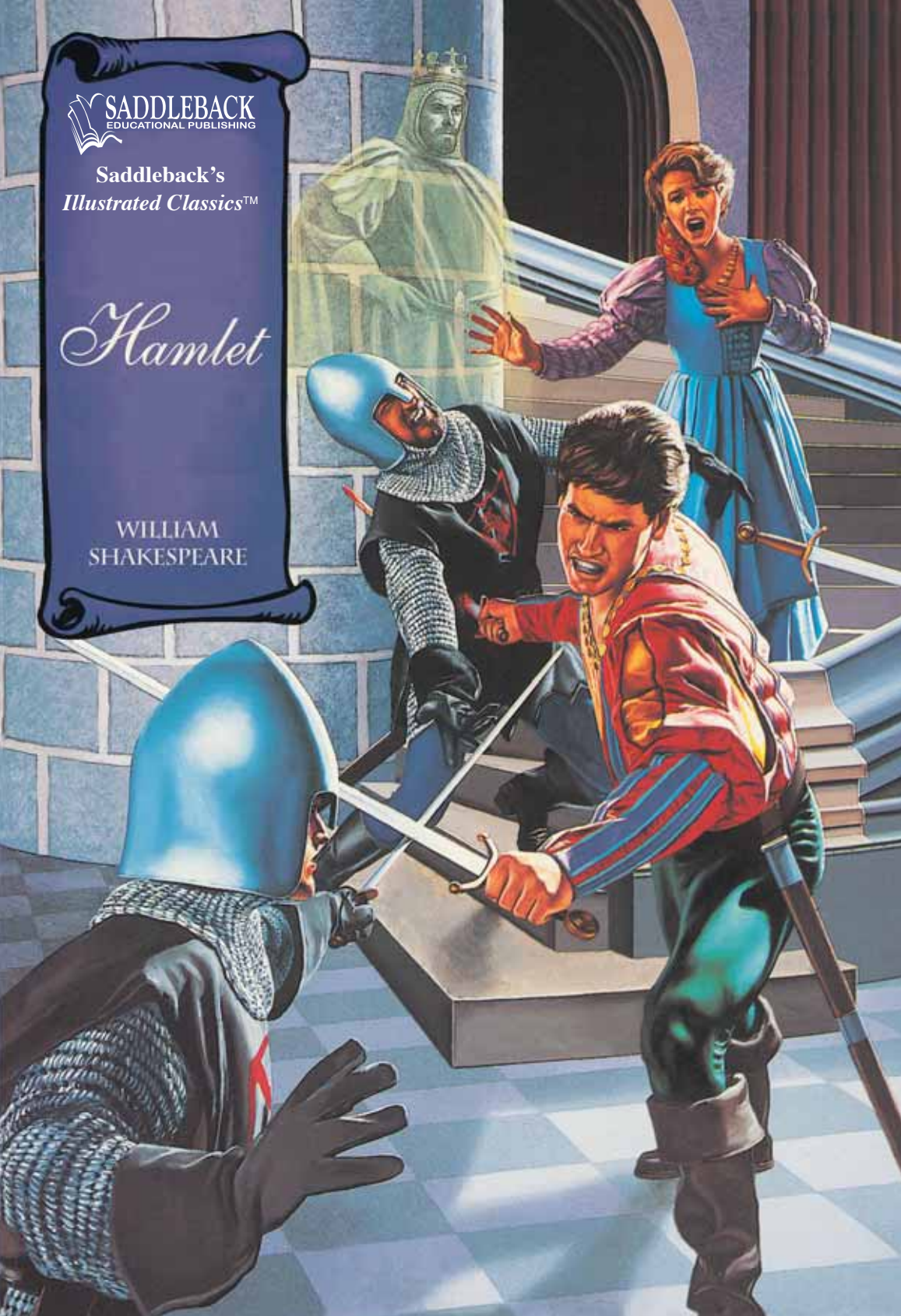


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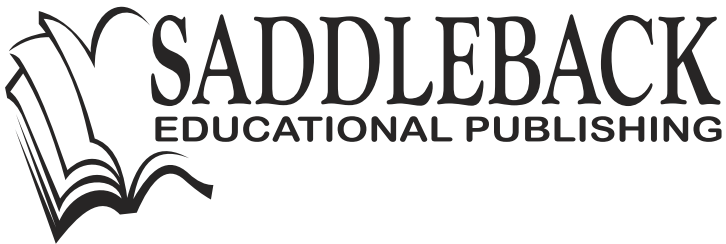
# *Hamlet*

**WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE**



# *Hamlet*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



# Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*<sup>TM</sup>



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# Welcome to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*<sup>™</sup>

We are proud to welcome you to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*<sup>™</sup>. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*<sup>™</sup> was designed specifically for the classroom to introduce readers to many of the great classics in literature. Each text, written and adapted by teachers and researchers, has been edited using the Dale-Chall vocabulary system. In addition, much time and effort has been spent to ensure that these high-interest stories retain all of the excitement, intrigue, and adventure of the original books.

With these graphically *Illustrated Classics*<sup>™</sup>, you learn what happens in the story in a number of different ways. One way is by reading the words a character says. Another way is by looking at the drawings of the character. The artist can tell you what kind of person a character is and what he or she is thinking or feeling.

This series will help you to develop confidence and a sense of accomplishment as you finish each novel. The stories in Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*<sup>™</sup> are fun to read. And remember, fun motivates!

# Overview

Everyone deserves to read the best literature our language has to offer. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*<sup>™</sup> was designed to acquaint readers with the most famous stories from the world's greatest authors, while teaching essential skills. You will learn how to:

- Establish a purpose for reading
- Use prior knowledge
- Evaluate your reading
- Listen to the language as it is written
- Extend literary and language appreciation through discussion and writing activities

Reading is one of the most important skills you will ever learn. It provides the key to all kinds of information. By reading the *Illustrated Classics*<sup>™</sup>, you will develop confidence and the self-satisfaction that comes from accomplishment—a solid foundation for any reader.

# Step-By-Step

The following is a simple guide to using and enjoying each of your *Illustrated Classics*<sup>™</sup>. To maximize your use of the learning activities provided, we suggest that you follow these steps:

1. ***Listen!*** We suggest that you listen to the read-along. (At this time, please ignore the beeps.) You will enjoy this wonderfully dramatized presentation.
2. ***Pre-reading Activities.*** After listening to the audio presentation, the pre-reading activities in the Activity Book prepare you for reading the story by setting the scene, introducing more difficult vocabulary words, and providing some short exercises.
3. ***Reading Activities.*** Now turn to the “While you are reading” portion of the Activity Book, which directs you to make a list of story-related facts. Read-along while listening to the audio presentation. (This time pay attention to the beeps, as they indicate when each page should be turned.)
4. ***Post-reading Activities.*** You have successfully read the story and listened to the audio presentation. Now answer the multiple-choice questions and other activities in the Activity Book.

Remember,

***“Today’s readers are tomorrow’s leaders.”***





## William Shakespeare

William Shakespeare was baptized on April 26, 1564, in Stratford-on-Avon, England, the third child of John Shakespeare, a well-to-do merchant, and Mary Arden, his wife. Young William probably attended the Stratford grammar school, where he learned English, Greek and Latin. Historians aren't sure of the exact date of Shakespeare's birth.

In 1582, Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway. By 1583, the couple had a daughter, Susanna, and two years later the twins, Hamnet and Judith. Somewhere between 1585 and 1592, Shakespeare went to London, where he became first an actor and then a playwright. His acting company, *The King's Men*, appeared most often in the *Globe* theatre, a part of which Shakespeare himself owned.

In all, Shakespeare is believed to have written thirty-seven plays, several nondramatic poems and a number of sonnets. In 1611, when he left the active life of the theatre, he returned to Stratford and became a country gentleman, living a quiet life. Then, on April 23, 1616, William Shakespeare died and was buried in Trinity Church in Stratford. Shakespeare is considered one of the greatest writers of the English-speaking world.



Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™

# Hamlet

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE MAIN CHARACTERS



Once long ago, King Fortinbras of Norway fought a battle with King Hamlet of Denmark. The winner, they agreed, would become owner of all the other king's riches.



In the battle King Hamlet killed Fortinbras. The dead king's lands were then given to Denmark.



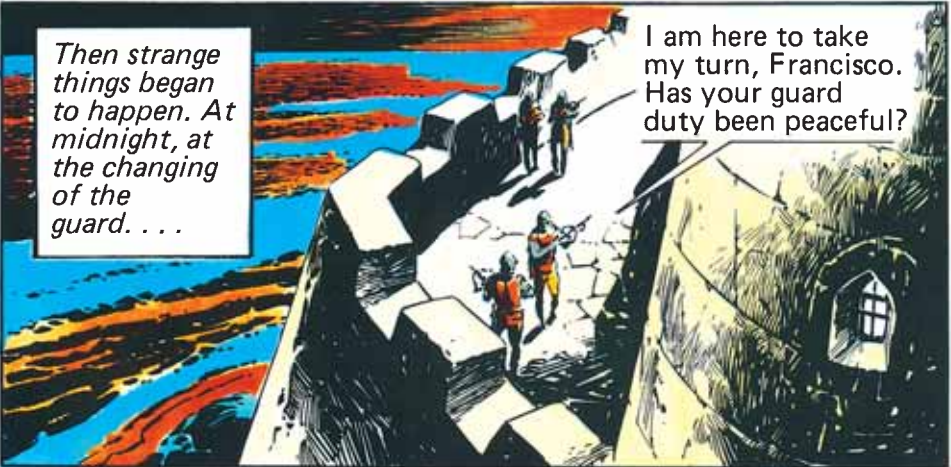
*But soon King Hamlet himself died. Many gathered at his funeral.*



*The king's brother Claudius became the new king. A month later, he married Hamlet's mother.*



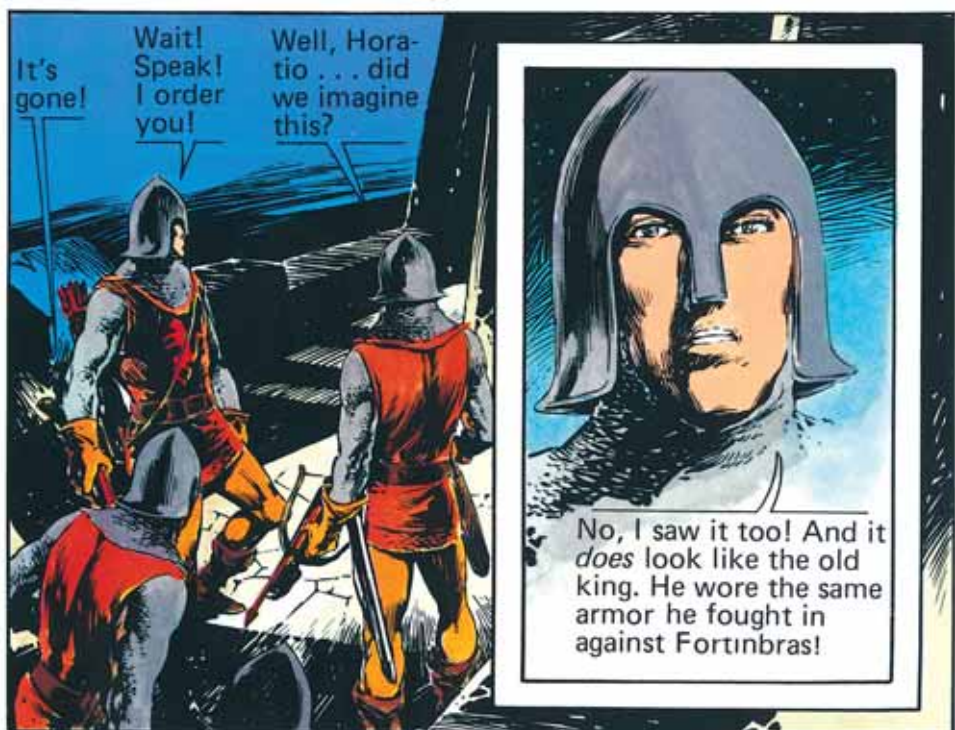
*Then strange things began to happen. At midnight, at the changing of the guard. . . .*

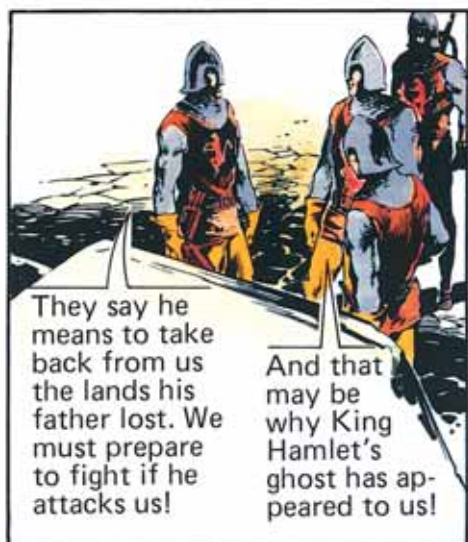
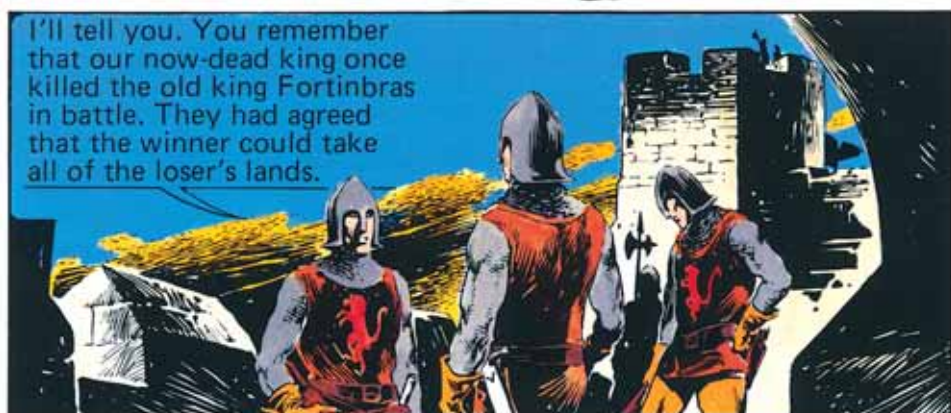


*I am here to take my turn, Francisco. Has your guard duty been peaceful?*



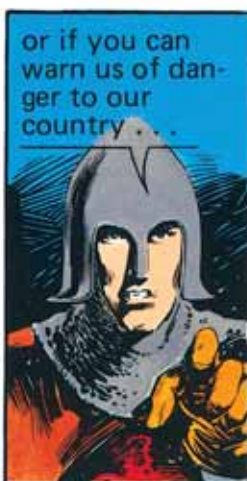








*Suddenly the ghost returned. Horatio made up his mind that it would speak to him.*



or if you can tell us of a treasure you once buried, speak!



*Suddenly they heard a cock crow. It was dawn.*

Stay and speak! Stop it, Marcellus!

I'll hit it with my sword!

It's gone!

*The ghost had indeed disappeared, for spirits could not face daylight.*





Keep silent about this, both of you! I will tell Prince Hamlet. If the ghost *does* talk, it will be to him.

I know where we can find him.

That morning the court gathered to hear a speech by King Claudius.

Thank you for attending the funeral of my brother, the late king. Thank you, too, for being here when I married my brother's lovely widow.

Such quick action was necessary to keep the country strong.



Then Claudius turned to Laertes, the son of Polonius, the king's advisor.



And now, Laertes. . .

What can I do for you?

I returned here for King Hamlet's funeral. Now I ask to return to my studies in France.



If your father agrees, you may go.

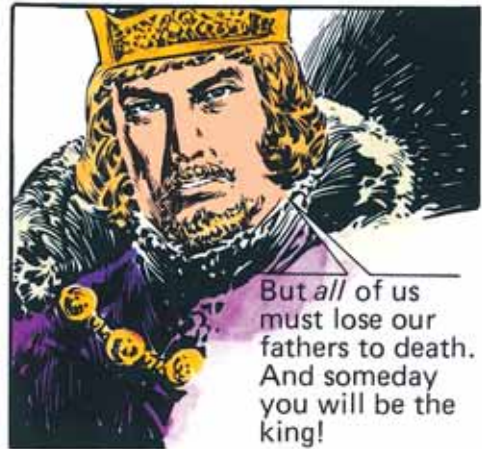
I do, sir!

Thank you.





*Prince Hamlet, son of the dead king, had also returned home from his studies abroad. Claudius turned to him.*



*The court session ended. Everyone left but Hamlet.*

He was so good a king, so loving to my mother. . . .



And yet, within a month, she married my uncle!



My heart breaks, but I must keep silent.



Greetings, Prince Hamlet!

Greetings, Horatio! But why are you in Elsinore?



I came home for your father's funeral.

Don't you mean my mother's wedding?





*Laertes left, and Polonius turned to his daughter.*

Prince Hamlet? I hear you've been spending much time with him!

But, Father, he has spoken to me of love!



He doesn't mean what he says! Do not believe him or see him alone!

I shall obey, Father.

*Meanwhile, Hamlet waited anxiously for night, thinking about the ghost. When it was dark, he and his friends met on the castle ramparts.*



It is very cold to-night!

What time is it?

It has just struck twelve!

*Suddenly the spirit appeared.*

Look! It comes!



Hamlet, king, Father . . . speak to me!

It wants you to go away with it!





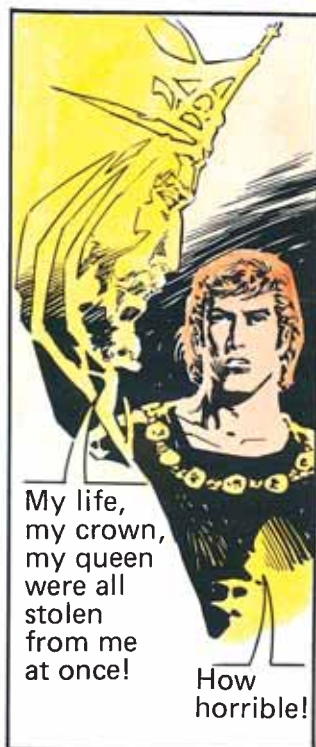
*The ghost led Hamlet to another part of the wall.*

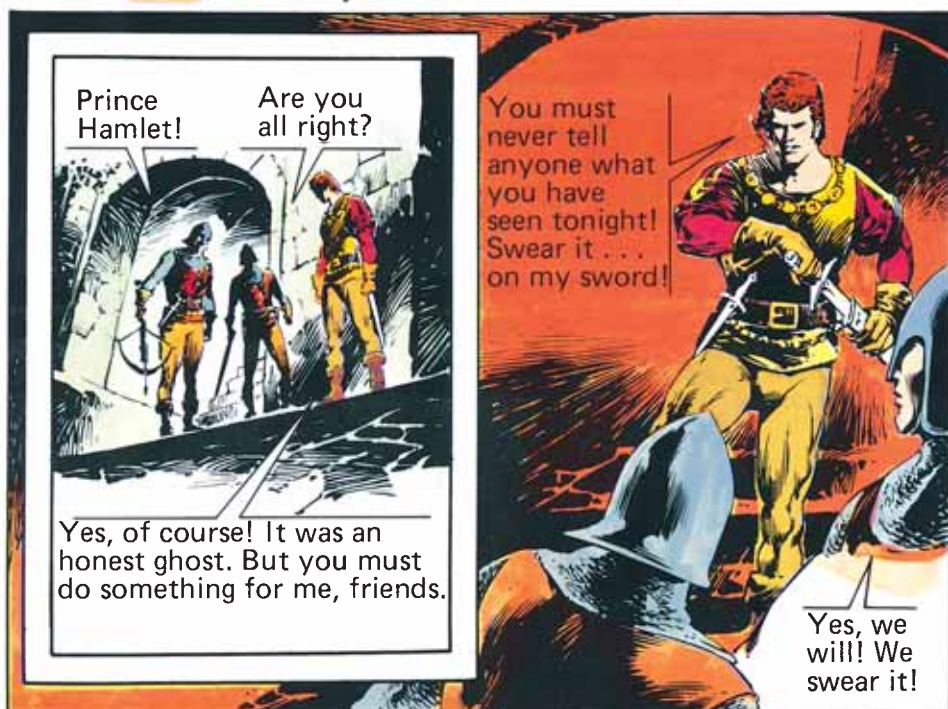


... you must kill the evil one who murdered me!











There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than you can ever know.



No matter how odd I may seem, don't tell *anyone* about tonight. Now come, let's leave together.

*Weeks passed, and Hamlet was becoming very strange. Some said he was mad. Then one day. . . .*

Ophelia! What's the matter?



Oh, Father! I was so frightened!

I was sewing. Prince Hamlet rushed into my room.

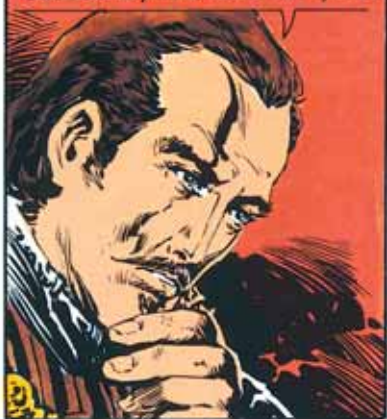


His clothes were rumpled. His face was as white as his shirt!

He held me by the arm and looked into my eyes for a long time. Then he sighed so sadly!



Perhaps this madness is  
caused by his love for you!



Have you spoken  
harshly  
to him lately?

I have re-  
turned his  
letters and  
refused to  
see him as  
you told me  
to do!



So I did . . . I had forgotten!  
Perhaps I was wrong!



We must go the king and  
tell him of this!







I believe it is caused by his father's death and by our marriage so soon afterward.

Oh, no, Madam! It is his love for my daughter!



In this letter he calls her his most beautiful Ophelia.

He says he cannot write good love poems, but she must believe he loves her anyway.



Hamlet said that to Ophelia?

How did she answer him?

Alas, sir, she did what I told her to do. She refused to see him.













Can you do "The Murder of Gonzago"?

Yes, sir.

And could you learn a speech of a dozen or so lines and put it into the play?

Yes, of course.

We'll see it tomorrow! Good friends all, you are welcome.





*Alone, Hamlet talked to himself.*

I have waited and worried. I was afraid to act, afraid I was wrong.



But now I'll have these actors play a murder like my father's!



If my uncle so much as turns pale, I will *know* he is guilty—and then I will kill him!



*While Hamlet had been talking to the actors, Polonius and the king carried out their plan with Ophelia.*



Walk here, Ophelia, reading this book—and meet Hamlet as if by accident.

Yes, Father.



The king and I will hide here and listen. Quick! Hamlet is coming!





You should not have believed me. I love you not! Go enter a nunnery!



Why should you have children who grow up to become sinners?



If you must marry, marry a fool! Wise men know too well what monsters you women make of them with your painted faces, and your sweet talk and acting!

It has driven me mad! I say we must have no more marriages! Go to a nunnery!



*After this outburst, Hamlet left the room. The king and Polonius came out from their hiding place.*

How sad to see his noble mind so ruined.

It is not love for her that's wrong. Nor is it madness.



There is something in his mind—something he broods over. It could mean danger!

He must be watched! I'll send him to England to collect the money they owe us.

Yes, sir. But first let his mother try to find out his troubles!



She can talk to him after the play! And I will hide myself where I can hear what they are saying.

Very well.











Oh, no, sir! He has been dead four months!

And still not forgotten?

Then there's hope that a *great* man might be remembered for half a year!

*Soon the play began.*

Long have we been married and loved each other. Now I am old and ill.

My fear for you is as great as my love!

You see . . . it is a king and queen.

I will die soon, my dear. My hope is that you will find a second husband when I am gone.

I will have no second husband! To love another would be to kill you twice!



You think that now . . .  
but our feelings change  
with time.



If, once a widow, I be-  
come a wife again, let  
me be jailed without  
food or light or hope!

I am tired.  
Leave me,  
my dear,  
and I will  
nap awhile.

Sweet dreams!  
And let no-  
thing come  
between us!



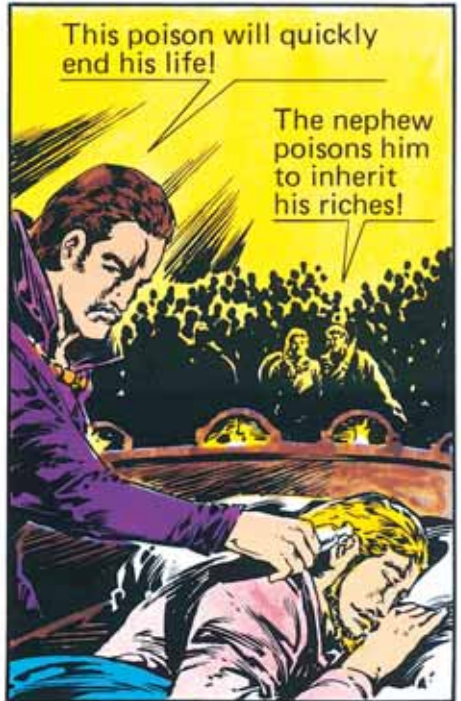
*The actor-queen left. Then, as  
the actor-king slept, another  
figure crept onto the stage.*

This is Lucianus,  
the nephew of  
the king.



This poison will quickly  
end his life!

The nephew  
poisons him  
to inherit  
his riches!





You will soon see how the murderer wins the love of the old king's wife!

*Suddenly there was a disturbance.*

Look! King Claudius is on his feet!

What? He's frightened!



Stop all this! Give me some light! I must get away!

Stop the play!



*The play was ended. Soon everyone had left the hall except Hamlet and Horatio.*

I'll take the ghost's word for it, Horatio! Did you see?

I saw very well what happened when there was talk of poisoning!







*As Hamlet was about to leave, Polonius walked up to him.*



*Alone, Hamlet talked to himself.*





*Just then Polonius came in.*

Hamlet is on his way to his mother. I will hide behind a curtain and listen—and tell you at once what I learn!

Thank you.



*After this, Claudius was left alone.*



I have murdered my brother! Can I ask heaven to forgive me?

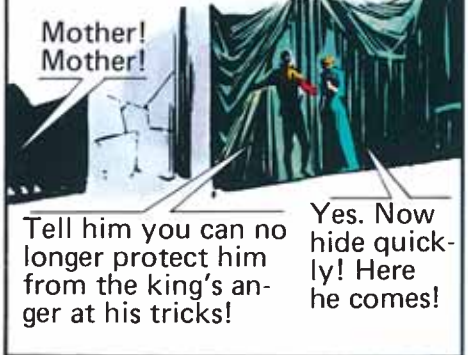


But I want to keep the crown . . . the kingdom . . . the queen. How can I ask to be forgiven?





*Soon Hamlet reached his mother's room.*









Look at my noble father!  
Hardly was he dead when  
you married this man, his  
brother, a murderer!



Oh, Hamlet, stop! You make me  
think about what I have done,  
and it disturbs me greatly!

Open your eyes!  
Look at your hus-  
band! He is weak  
and bad!



Stop! Let me  
hear no more!

Then we will talk of something  
else. I am being sent to England  
with two old friends. They carry  
sealed orders.



Yes, I had  
forgotten.



I think they plan  
trouble for me, but  
I will turn it around  
and trouble them.  
Good night, Mother.





While all these things were taking place, peace had been made with Norway. Young Fortinbras had agreed not to fight against Denmark. In return, he was allowed to lead his army across Danish territory.

And so it happened that as Hamlet went to his ship, he came upon some soldiers.

What army is this?

It is led by Fortinbras, nephew of the king of Norway.

He is going to fight against Poland, to win back some land lost by his father.

The land is not worth much. But his fight will be a matter of honor!

This is what a son *should* do, how a son *should* act!

While I think and worry, my father's killer still lives! From now on, my thoughts will be only of revenge.



*Hamlet sailed for England. But meanwhile, since her father's death, Ophelia had changed. When she spoke, she made no sense. The members of the court were sure she was insane. One day . . .*

Lady Ophelia wishes to see you.

I won't speak with her!

She is half-mad. She speaks of her father.

Tell her to come in.

*Ophelia entered with a song.*

He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone;  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone.

Dear Ophelia!

*At this moment the king entered.*

Alas! Look here, my king.

How long has she been like this?

I hope all will be well;  
but I weep to think  
they put him in the  
cold ground. I must  
tell my brother!



I thank you.  
Come, get me  
my coach!  
Good night,  
ladies. Good  
night, sweet  
ladies!



Follow her, and  
watch her closely.



Yes,  
sir.

*Alone with the queen, Claudius spoke.*



We have so many troubles,  
Gertrude! Ophelia's father  
killed . . . your son to blame  
. . . people are whispering  
bad things!





Laertes has returned secretly from France! He is listening to gossip about his father's death.



Suddenly . . .

Save yourself, sir! Laertes at the head of a mob has overpowered your guards!



Laertes shall be king! We choose Laertes!



Evil king, where is my father?



Dead.

But the king did not kill him! Be calm, Laertes!



At this moment Ophelia appeared.

Dear sister, sweet Ophelia!



Here's some rosemary. That's to make you remember.



*Meanwhile, in another part of the castle, some sailors from another country were brought to Horatio. They carried messages from Hamlet!*

Hamlet's ship was attacked by pirates . . . he was captured . . . the others sailed on for England!

You are to send these other letters to the king.

And Prince Hamlet waits for you on the coast of Denmark.

*Horatio sent Hamlet's letters to King Claudius. Then he hurried with the sailors to find his friend.*



*Meanwhile, the king was speaking with Laertes.*



*As Claudius said this, a messenger entered, bringing Hamlet's letters.*







I will have a poisoned drink ready. When Hamlet is thirsty, he will drink from the fatal cup!



One dreadful thing after another! Your sister, Laertes . . . she is drowned!

What? Drowned! Where?

She took some flowers to a spot where a willow branch slants across a stream.



She climbed the branch to hang her flowers on it. The branch broke!



My poor Ophelia!



She floated for a while, singing songs. And then she sank.

I must leave! I will weep for her in private!



We must follow him. Who knows what he will do now?

*While Queen Gertrude had been explaining Ophelia's death, Horatio had gone to meet Hamlet on the beach. As they returned together, they came to a churchyard.*

Whose grave are you digging?

One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead!

Look! The king, the queen! Whose body do they bury? Let us hide and watch!

Farewell! I had hoped to scatter flowers at your wedding to Hamlet, not on your grave!

They're burying Ophelia!



*Suddenly Laertes leaped in-  
to the grave.*



*Wait! Stop your work until  
I have held her in my arms  
once more!*

*Go ahead now! Bury us  
both together!*



*At this, Hamlet  
came forward  
and leaped into  
the grave with  
Laertes.*

*Laertes begs  
of his sorrow.  
This is I, Ham-  
let the Dane!*



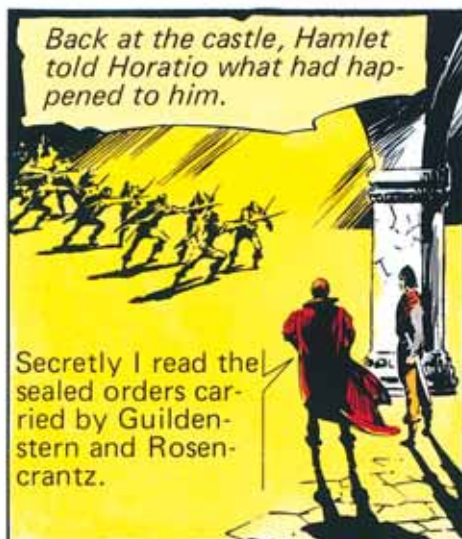
*Hearing these  
words from his  
enemy, Laertes  
attacked him.*

*Let go of me, Laertes!  
I don't want to hurt you!*

*Hamlet!  
Hamlet!*

*Stop  
them!*







I rewrote the orders so that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern should be killed instead. Then I resealed the orders, and the rest you know.



Yes, It was in your letter . . . the pirates, the sea-fight, and your escape!

*Just then, a servant entered.*



My prince, I have a message from the king.

Tell me what it is.

Laertes is said to be a most skillful fighter with the sword.



I know.



But the king thinks you are just as skillful, and he has made a bet.

Six fine horses against six French daggers, that you can fight as well as Laertes does.



I will fight him here.

I will tell the king.









*Suddenly Laertes lunged and wounded Hamlet with his sharp sword.*



*At once Hamlet knocked Laertes' sword from his hand. Each fighter picked up the other's sword . . . and they fought on.*



*The queen faints at the sight of blood!*



No, no! The drink, Hamlet! I am poisoned!

Lock the doors! We'll find out what is happening here!

This sword is poisoned, Hamlet. You will be dead in half an hour, and I as well. Your mother's poisoned. The king, the king's to blame!









*Fortinbras entered the hall.*

So many princes dead? So many bodies? What does this mean?

Put the bodies high on a stage, and I will tell the world how these things happened. The bloody acts, the wrong judgments, the mistaken purposes. . . .



Take up the bodies.



Let four captains carry Hamlet. Had he lived, he would have been a great king!

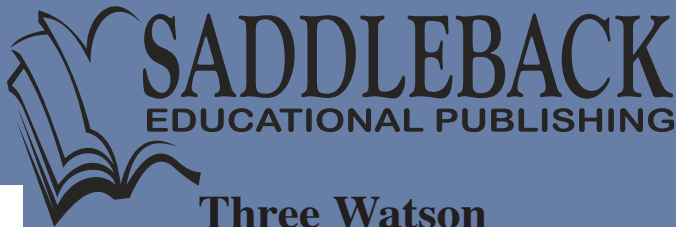
**THE END**



# Hamlet

*“The reader becomes enchantingly captured by this suspenseful Shakespearean tragedy.”*

*Hamlet* takes place in the early seventeenth century, at the royal castle in Elsinore, Denmark. The theme of the story . . . “revenge” . . . becomes Prince Hamlet’s obsession. His split personality—one of warm, poetic sensitivity, the other, cruel madness—hypnotizes the reader. Other immortal characters such as Claudius, Gertrude, Polonius, Horatio, and Ophelia are just a few in the tradition of Shakespeare’s unforgettable characterizations.



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